

Home Circle.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

He was one of the "Wants," as the Normal boys called the student-teachers. It was Bert Ellis who had first declared that the instructors at the Institute were "the Faculty and the Want of faculty," and ever since, the pupil-teachers had been privately known among the boys as the "Wants." As for this particular one, Lee Barclay, they said he was "not pupil enough to have any fun in him, and just teacher enough to be exasperating."

Of course he was not popular, and Rob Holman wondered at himself when he found his eyes turning inquiringly in that direction several times that day. Barclay certainly looked rather paler than usual, and his face, when he thought himself unobserved, was unmistakably sad. When he came to think of it, the face was usually grave, almost sad, Rob decided. He had never thought of it before, and would not have noticed it now but for that lesson, yesterday, about the Good Samaritan, and the little talk afterward about keeping watch for needy neighbors, and the probability of finding them in unexpected places.

"But for me to find one among the teachers!" thought Rob with an amused smile. "I can just fancy Want Barclay's disgust if I should claim him as a neighbor."

Preposterous as it seemed, he really did it a little later in the day. Not exactly in so many words, of course, but in a deed that counted for the same. He was passing through one of the deserted classrooms and saw the young teacher sitting there, and the look of trouble on his face was so unmistakable that Rob turned back, and paused with a hand on the chair.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barclay. Is anything—I thought you were looking as if you didn't feel well to-day."

Rob felt that it was an awkward sentence after he had stammered it out, but Mr. Barclay did not seem to notice it. He raised his head with a little start at finding himself not alone, and then, for a wonder, responded to the boyish sympathy.

"No, I'm not sick—thank you, Holman. It is only a sprained foot."

The willing martyr in many a football game felt his lip beginning to curl, when the other realized the insufficient explanation, and added with a forced laugh: "And, of course, that isn't a thing to be looking very doleful over, only that it has disappointed me about getting home to-night. I live out at Woodson, and I of-

ten walk the ten miles, but my foot will not let me do it to-night, and I am very anxious to be there. I have been trying all day to arrange things so that I could get off for the four o'clock train—that's the only chance in the afternoon—and I could come back at seven in the morning. But I couldn't manage it."

"Why —" Rob congratulated himself on leaving that sentence unfinished. "Why not hire a rig at the livery stable, and drive out?" he had been about to ask, when the recollection of certain little economies in matters of dress and boarding made him suspect that five-dollar bills were not plentiful with Mr. Barclay. It would not cost less than five dollars for a conveyance that must be kept until the next morning. Another plan suggested itself; but there was a brief struggle with disinclination before Rob was ready to propose it. All the thoughts passed so swiftly, however, that Lee Barclay was scarcely conscious of the break in Rob's amended sentence.

"If that is all, why not let me drive you out? Father was telling me the other day that the horse did not get exercise enough, and I'd much rather exercise him with some object in view besides his horse-ship's health. It is more interesting. What time shall I come for you?"

After all Rob's grimacing to himself over the prospect of such a companion, the ride was a pleasant one. There was a difference of but six or seven years in the ages of the young driver and his passenger, and the elder lost his stiffness and grew quite companionable during that quiet ride, which he evidently enjoyed. Rob gained some glimpses of his life as they talked—such a hard, struggling life compared with Rob's own!

He had no family but a little crippled brother, whom he was supporting in the home of a relative. The child clung to him so that it was very hard for them to be separated. This was the little fellow's birthday, and the older brother had purchased a few gifts for him, and had promised what he knew would be the greatest treat of all—to go out and spend the night. It had been hard to think of disappointing one who had so few pleasures. Lee was eagerly pushing his own way that he might help the helpless young brother.

Only a few words, bare outlines, that Rob was left to fill in, but enough to make the boy glad he had come, and he was touched by the warmth with which Barclay bade him good-bye.

The next day the young teacher was back in his place again, the same as ever to most observers, but Rob noticed that

his face had a brighter look, and his voice a gentler tone. He found a chance to exchange a quick hand-clasp with Rob.

"I am more obliged to you for your kindness last night than I can tell you, Holand." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added: "I'm afraid I have seemed curt and unfriendly to you boys, sometimes; but my own life has been so very different, and the thinking of my poor little Dick when I saw others having so much. Well, I had no right to be bitter, and may be you have helped me more than you know."

And Rob, as he turned away with a warm glow at his heart, said to himself:

"Queer in how many directions that Jericho road does run, and how many people are lying beside it!"—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.

It was snowing outside. Freddie Johnson, six years old, sat by the fire looking at pictures. His papa said:—

"Freddie, I wish you would take this letter to the post office."

"All right," said Freddie.

The post office was half a mile away, and Freddie was never there alone. Muffled up to the chin in overcoat and scarf he started off. The night was very dark as he trudged through the snow.

"Hallo, sir! where are you going?" said a man.

"Post office," said Freddie.

"Are you not afraid you will get lost?"

"No, sir; papa sent me."

He left the letter and went home. All the time he was doing this his father was walking behind him and watching him, but Freddie did not know it. So God is watching us when he sends us on any errand for him and will help us to be brave.—*Selected.*

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel. It is the bow which impels the arrow to obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength; yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sear leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain.